

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

NO. 7.

NEWS-NOTES.

Gen. Singleton has been re-nominated for congress by the democrats of the 11th Illinois district.

O. B. Thompson has been appointed treasurer for Lawrence county vice Robt. Neil resigned.

Emery A. Storrs, the great Chicago barrister, delivered a 4th of July oration at Cedar City, Monday.

Mr H. Hurlburt, formerly comptroller of the currency, was among the lost of the steamer *Seawanhaka*.

Three hundred men left the Yogo (M. T.) mines during the month of June, being disgruntled with the outlook and finding no paying dirt.

The San Francisco census returns show that it contains 290,000 of the semi-civilized Sioux, including prettily, flowery kingdomsmen of all creeds and every hue.

The republicans of Maine have re-nominated Gen. Davis, which fully provides against a repetition of the Greeleyonic troubles.

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Chicago returns 175,000 population and that's another of a whole district being held over which brings the total up to 290,000. Sioux and Mandan are the race and is discoveringer at the rate of \$100 per day.

The great Homestake mine at Lead City has just paid its regular thirty cents dividend, making \$30,000 paid during the past eighteen months, besides paying large sums for improvements and for adjoining property.

Pargo had a procession the 4th of July. It was made up of the different firms of traders that had flourished town. The largest feature of the pageant was the ponderous car of the trees, drawn by a four-in-hand.

A good news-note—Burleigh county is not a storm center. Its wheat crop promises at least thirty bushels to the acre. Oats will probably be more than doubled in production in two years, and the land office is doubled every day.

Representative Acklin, who has immortalized himself as the author of more successive scandals than any member of the American congress, with his usual effort is issuing circulars and making personal appeals to electors in his district, asking for re-election.

CHARMING KATIE PUTNAM

for the last time in this city. In "Little Barefoot" Miss Putnam scarcely shows the advantage that she does in her other specialties. The complimentary benefit tendered on Friday night by the citizens was well attended, and was the most enterprising performance of the series. Miss Putnam appearing at her best as "Lena the Madcap." Saturday afternoon the troupe gave a matinee performance at Fort Lincoln to a crowd of house. Immediately after Saturday evening's entertainment the company took passage on the Helena for Fort Benton, which left Sunday morning at daybreak.

THE APPLE CREEK PIC-NIC.

Probably the largest assemblage of mercury miners ever congregated in Burleigh county for an excursion last August, and again for another this season. It will leave Minotopolis after a banquet at the Newell House and proceed to St. Louis via Bismarck at which point they will stop and have some fun with Bob Burdett, the humorist of the Hawkeye.

County Treasurer Robt. Neil, Deadwood was forced to sign under charges and is now being tried for embezzlement, forgery, malfeasance, etc. The jury in his case are very kind John Marquie, J. D. Whipple, F. C. E. F. Confer, A. W. Merriek, Thomas Hart, Andrew McMurtry, John Bowland, Ed. W. Howell, Dr. Biles and R. L. Lowe.

The new elevator built for the New York Lake Erie & Western R. R. at Bismarck has commenced operations. It has a capacity of 1,000 bushels of grain, its actual weight capacity is 2,000,000 bushels. The Peoria and Rock Island is constructing an elevator of the same size, both of which will be fitted with elevators to the top, to feed the hungry hawks over the Atlantic.

The Americans in riflemen have won in the latest contest at Dumfries, Ireland, beating the Irish team by twelve points. The total score of the American team was 122 of the Irish team 120. At second the two teams stood even each scoring 120 points. At 400 yards the American team scored 46 to 48 by the Irish team, and at 1,000 yards the American team made 420 points to 405 by the Irish team.

STANDING ROCK EXCURSION.

Hon. John A. Kasson, one of the bold representatives of the house of representatives, during the war at present United States minister to the Austrian court, has been unanimously nominated by the republicans for representative from the 11th Iowa district. But few of the old war horses remain yet these few will continue to receive the reward for their patriotic services by securing the rank of general in the rebellion.

Gen. Sherman's son, Thomas, and Senator Francis Kernan's son, are now at the headquarters of the Society of Jesus, in England, and will soon return to this country and enter the theological school of the society at Woodstock College, Maryland. Gen. Sherman was very anxious to have his sons entering the priesthood. Senator Kernan is a most devout Catholic, attending mass daily whether at his home, in Utica, N. Y., or during the senatorial duties at Washington.

Bob Ingersoll is in hopes that Dr. Tanner will succeed him as president of forty days.

One of the first of the meetings was the fastening of the Saver for forty days in the wilderness. If Dr. Tanner survives he will be immediately nominated by the republicans for representative from the 11th Iowa district. But few of the old war horses remain yet these few will continue to receive the reward for their patriotic services by securing the rank of general in the rebellion.

The British public is again indebted to the heliograph for important news dispatches from the seat of war in Afghanistan. It appears that the news was transmitted more speedily than would have been possible by electricity, in summitting it is not necessary to keep the route open, as the signaling takes place over the heads of the enemy. A ten inch mirror and this is the diameter of the ordinary field heliograph—is capable of reflecting the sun rays in the form of a bright spot or flare to a distance of fifty miles, the signal at this interval being recognizable without the aid of a glass. The first use of this instrument was in the Zulu war, when a rudely constructed instrument enabled Lord Chelmsford to keep up constant communication with the heliograph of Col. Pearson at Eshowe until assistance was sent, by which an important wing of the British forces was rescued from a very perilous situation.

GREAT SIOUX SUN DANCE,

were somewhat disappointed, the glance having been stopped about an hour previous to the arrival of the boat. The party were extremely entertained, however, by the people of Fort Yates, and the clear and beautiful post was very inviting indeed. Fort Yates is one of the prettiest military posts on the Missouri river, and the officers take great pride in keeping it a desirable place not only for themselves but for their families and lady friends to live. To this may be attributed

FOURTH FESTIVITIES

HOW THE DAY WAS SPENT BY JUBILANT BISMARCKERS.

Green River, Apple Creek and Standing Rock Excursions—Tight Rope Walking, Horse Racing, Etc.

THE FIRST DAY.

the fact that there are fewer officers absent on leave from this post than any other post on the river. An opera house equal to any in the territory has just been completed, and everything about the post is cheerfully and tastefully arranged. The 17th infantry band, one of the crack bands of the country, discoursed some excellent music, and the dress parade at low sun was witnessed with a great deal of interest by the visitors. Father Stephan's Indian agency was examined by a large number and the *modus operandi* of issuing rations, annuity, etc., was fully explained by the agent. The storerooms are of brick, and the agent's residence is also pleasantly located adjoining the storerooms, overlooking the river. Fort Yates is beautifully located on a bluff, and in every other direction surrounded by a rich and level plateau.

averaged ninety-six cents per Sunday or nearly two cents per capita.

BAD LAND BOULDERS.

Received too Late for Last Week's Paper.

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)

Mr. R. A. Bruns, of Moorhead, Minn., paid us a visit last week.

Payermaster Bellows came over the line on Saturday and left a little change with the boys.

Father Chrysostom and Rev. J. M. Buell, each preached to good audiences here on Sunday last. Father Chrysostom has the honor of having held the first religious services in the Bad Lands.

Mr. S. C. Walker starts this (Tuesday) morning for the Yellowstone to look over the line.

The Glendale route has been adopted by the railroad company and the work all set to the Yellowstone. The engineers have been ordered in from the Cedar creek route and will be stationed along the line on construction. Several subcontractors will go over the Little Missouri this week.

At 2 p. m. Monday the boat arrived at the Bismarck levee. A vote of thanks and three rousing cheers were given by the excursionists to Capt. Marratta, Todd and others for their successful endeavors to make the trip enjoyable, and the party took stock to their various places of abode.

HOMeward Bound.

At eight o'clock good-bye was said to the many friends of the excursionists at Fort Yates and the boat headed upstream, the band on the shore playing in response to the farewell of the band on board. The night was pleasantly spent in chatting, dancing and singing, and a few ventured to sleep, but it being whispered around that sleeping on the night of July 4th was unpatriotic, the number was indeed limited. At 2 p. m. Monday the boat arrived at the Bismarck levee. A vote of thanks and three rousing cheers were given by the excursionists to Capt. Marratta, Todd and others for their successful endeavors to make the trip enjoyable, and the party took stock to their various places of abode.

THE TRACK.

The third day's fest closed with three of the most exciting races that have ever been witnessed in Bismarck. The grounds about the race course were thronged by an immense crowd in every manner of conveyance and on foot, every one in the city, that possibly could, turning out to witness the close of the three days festivities. The first race was a half mile single dash between Lieut. Hare's black gelding, a beautiful animal from Fort Lincoln, and Sol Sunderland's sorrel horse. The race was exciting from beginning to end, the sorrel horse coming in, however, by about three lengths. Lieut. Hare's horse is valued at \$600, and evidently has not had the proper training. The sorrel horse was under thorough control, making the heat in fine style. About \$1,000 changed hands on this race. Next in order was an exciting spurt of a quarter of a mile between two ponies owned by Alex McKenzie and Don Stevenson for a purse of \$50 which was won by Stevenson. M. Epinger's pony for a purse of \$100 and was again winner by long odds. The rider of the little black, thoroughly understands his business. Mr. Stevenson will back this pony again, in the Missouri valley for a 500 yard dash. The sport closed with a race of one-half mile for \$50 between John Stoyell's sorrel team and H. M. Mixter's team, best two in three, the former getting away with the cake in fine style.

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THE ROPE WALKING.

Monday night Millie Lila Vinegar, now playing an engagement in this city, performed her miraculous tight-rope walking feat, a rope having been stretched across Main street from the roof of the Opera House for that purpose. The lady's appearance at 10 o'clock great applause, but not during tip-top dashes of six inches apart, thirty feet from the ground, laid everyone in a dead sleep. Another feature was the amusements of the fairies, in every direction, and the large number of ladies back on the stage and in all the windows, aiding the performance. Below

SOCIETY.

was the bazaar to be the largest concourse of people ever congregated in the streets of Bismarck, a Tribune reporter, from an elevated stand, counted the upturned faces. There were all 1,413 of which 218 were ladies. The crowd remained so quiet during the performance that it was no trouble whatever to enumerate it, and the above figures cannot possibly vary twenty-five from the actual number.

FORT YATES CELEBRATED.

Fort Yates celebrated on Saturday, July 3d, and a pleasanter time was never had at that beautiful post. There were horse races, foot races, wheelbarrow races, pony races, slow mule races, base ball contest, attempts at climbing a greased pole, etc. In the evening there was a grand display of fire works, under the supervision of Lieut. Burns, and altogether the day was one long to be remembered. In the rifle match some very accurate skill was displayed. The captains were Capt. O'Brien and Dr. Mans, with five men each. An average of seventy-five percent at ranges two and five hundred yards was the result. The committee of arrangements were Capt. O'Brien, Dr. Mans, and Lieuts. Edgerly and Howe.

Work of the Presbyterian Church.

Some note presented by the pastor last Sunday, in a report of the work of the year just completed may be of interest to the community. The average attendance at Sunday services has steadily increased from fifty-two the first quarter to sixty the last quarter, an increase of fifteen. The average for the year has been fifty-five. The increase has been in favor of the morning, i. e. the permanent congregation. The morning congregation has averaged from three to four greater than the evening congregation throughout the year. So few persons attend both services that about 100 persons may fairly be said to have attended Capt. Todd won for himself on this occasion, as indeed he has on all previous occasions, golden encomiums from his passengers for courteous treatment. The interesting scenes along the banks, with which the Captain is so familiar, are always pointed out, and questions, however trivial, are always answered by Capt. Todd, who, by pleasing others, is himself best pleased. Some of the excursionists, who had expected to see the

GRACE THE OCCASION.

with their presence. The trip down was made in less than five hours, and a happier or more agreeable party never before graced the deck of a Missouri river steamboat. Not an incident transpired to mar the tranquility of the occasion, and with the exception of a slight shower the day was pleasant and enchanting. Capt. Joe Todd won for himself on this occasion, as indeed he has on all previous occasions, golden encomiums from his passengers for courteous treatment. The interesting scenes along the banks, with which the Captain is so familiar, are always pointed out, and questions, however trivial, are always answered by Capt. Todd, who, by pleasing others, is himself best pleased. Some of the excursionists, who had expected to see the

WANTS to Know Why.

ED. Tribune:

The fact that the sun dance was the fastening of the Saver for forty days in the wilderness. If Dr. Tanner survives he will be immediately nominated by the republicans for representative from the 11th Iowa district. But few of the old war horses remain yet these few will continue to receive the reward for their patriotic services by securing the rank of general in the rebellion.

TAXPAYER.

ELECTRICAL SPARKS

NEWS GATHERED FROM EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE.

Eleventh Day of Dr. Tanner's Fast—Death of Tilden's Nephew W. F. Pelton—Discouraged Minnesota Farmers.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

CRIMINALLY CARELESS

MINNEAPOLIS, July 9.—The coroner's

jury at the inquest held upon the bodies

of those killed by the explosion on Lake

Minnetonka, returned a verdict that the

boiler was unsafe and unfit in design and

material, and that Maj. Hallsted was criminally negligent in not having the boiler

carefully inspected. They call the attention of the legislature to the necessity for inspection of inland lakes and rivers.

SUDDEN DEMISE.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Col. W. F. Pelton,

famous as the nephew of Mr. Tilden and

for his prominent connection with the

campaign of '76, died yesterday at the

Everett House of embolism of the heart.

His remains were removed to Mr. Til-

den's house, although since the discovery

of the famous cypher dispatches all of

Mr. Pelton's efforts to communicate with

or see Mr. Tilden have been in vain.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Cardinal McClosky,

denies having sent

a congratulatory telegram to Gen. Han-

cock upon hearing of his nomination.

STAMPS.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Official postal

statistics for the fiscal year just closed

shows the receipts for stamps, stamped

envelopes, cards, etc., to have been \$31,

932,519, an increase of nearly \$350,000

over last year.

AMERICA AHEAD.

LOXON, July 8.—At the Newmarket

races today the famous Chesterfield stakes

were won by Mr. Lorillard's horse,

Iroquois.

IRON WILL.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Dr. Tanner is ex-

pecting the wonder of medical men by his

"DOGWOOD BITTERS."

One day, about two years after "the surrender," there stood on the sidewalk of a large town in Virginia a negro school-girl, swinging her satchel, twirling on her heel and tossing her head, coquettishly, with a mulatto boy about her own age.

Presently there came walking feebly and slowly down the street an old lady whose countenance bore the traces of sorrow as well as of years. The hair was parted on the forehead and the pale face was framed in crease.

As Mrs. Darring approached the rest of our *dramatis personae*, the girl with a loud laugh and an elaborate air of not seeing her, swung her satchel round and struck the old lady a sharp blow on the breast.

The dead hands of her boys must have been lifted in the grave at this affront to their mother; but they were powerless, and she powerless as they.

" Didn't go to hu' tu' you," said the girl carelessly to Mrs. Darring—"An' so Mr. Simpkins, you excuse me of being a wuss flit an' you is."

The boy was embarrassed and made no response.

Mrs. Darring had stopped, and a deep flush was on her cheek, but she only said, gravely and quietly, "Isn't this Adam Darring's daughter?"

"We scos'n to be Darring's. Mr. Addum Lefridge is my pa, if dat what you mean," replied the girl saucily.

"Caroline, I—

"My name's Carrie."

"I do not think your father," continued Mrs. Darring, ignoring the interruption—"Whether he calls himself Leftwich or Darring—would allow one of his children to insult his old mistress. I am sorry—yes, for his sake as well as for my own."

Mrs. Darring passed on, and the girl, with a toss of her head, said to her companion. "She don't 'peer to ha' had a good meal o' vittles sence pa stopped awuk'in' fer her. Friday's my birthday; I think I'll ax her up to dinner."

They walked off together.

Old Adam had ceased to dig and was glaring after them in a quiver of rage. The son had ceased to laugh, and stood in dismay looking at his father. Suddenly the old man grasped his spade in both hands and shook it in the face of the boy.

"Did you hear dat nigger?"

Dave retreated without attempt at valor.

"Lemme 'lone, daddy; I ain't toch ole mis!"

Again advancing on him spade in hand, the old man reiterated, "I ax'd you if you heerd dat nigger."

"Course I heerd her; I ain't deaf, is I?"

Dave concluded to let his father and the air have it out together; so, emulating the Arab, he "silently stole away," without even waiting to "old his tent"—i.e., to put on his coat. In other words, he embraced the first opportunity to go home to dinner, without soliciting the pleasure of his father's society.

He found "Carrie" already there.

As soon as he saw her he exclaimed, with a wriggle and grimace:

"Oh, my po' back!"

"What matter wid yo' back?" asked his mother.

"Oh, my poor back!" he repeated with a second wriggle, which almost upset the plate on his knee, and shaking his head solemnly, he fixed his eyes on his sister.

"Ca'line," said her mother easily, "what dat fool nigger talkin' 'bout!"

"Her name ain't Ca'line," said Dave: "it's Carrie (oh, my po' back!), an' Mr. Addum Lefridge is her pa.

The girl gave a startled glance, but he fixed his eye on his plate, and wagging his head from side to side, continued like one in a reverie: "I nuvver would ha' agreed to bein' a gal o' no kin", under no circumstances, white nor black; but de way I wouldn't, gree to bein' a cert'n black gal to-day ain't nothing to nobody but me and Mr. Addum Lefridge.

"What you talkin' 'bout, Dave? asked his mother, planting herself before him with her knuckles on her hips.

Dar come daddy now. Tell him I gwine back to Mr. Pollard's, whar we was at wuk dis momm'me an' Mr. Addum Lefridge, Carrie's pa. Oh, my po' back!"

And, with the Parthian arrow of a grimace at his sister, Dave disappeared over the back fence.

"Gre't Jimminy, Ca'line! Sho'ly you ain't been fool 'but to a-toch Mis' Darin', so yo' pa could find it out?" said her mother in a hurried undertone as she saw the old man coming down street with an armful of Osage orange switches.

"I ain't toch her to hur'her," said the girl, suddenly. "My Lor! Don't you know yo' pa better'n dat? It's time you wuz a-knowin' him. You jes' git him on one o' his rambages, an' you won't want to know him no better."

Apparently indifferent to the cultivation of her father's acquaintance, Caroline caught up her hat, and was about vanishing through the front door when the old man entered: "Stop dar! Whar you gwine?"

"I'm goin' back to school, pa," endeavored to pass him.

He caught her by the shoulder, and spun her like a teetotum halfway across the room:

"Shet up now 'bout pa! Don't try to come yo' joggerly and rufumit over me? I'll par de skin off you from yo' head to yo' heels."

"Lor', Addum!" remonstrated his wife, "what makes you ac' so to'do dehile?"

"Marriar," said he—"Marriar, not a hour ago I seed dat imp o' Satan hit we all's ole mis' on de bres' wid her doggone—"

"I was jes' swingin' my satchel, an' she walked up 'ginst it herself, pa."

Old Adam caught and shook her violently.

"I clar' fo' Gord, ef you says 'pa' to me ag'in, I'll maul de brains clean outen you!"

"I knew she hain't meant no harm by what she done," said his wife.

"She hit de old missis on de bres' I tolle you!—A ole lady which, ef she war not my ole mis', is still a ole lady knee deep in de grabe, an' nobuddy to look arter her or whedder she is in de grabe or outer it. I can't tergit—an' I ain't gwine to try to peer to fergit—how dat ole lady took keer o' me an' mine fer forty years. We warn't nuvver cole an' we warn't nuvver hungry, an' we warn't

nuvver waitin' fer a kine word. I knows it an' you knows it. Some niggers may ha' been 'busied yond what they zerved, but t'wain't you nor t'wain't me an' it war not none o' we's chilluns; an' when I peered like I was dead, an' dey was jest bout to shroud me fer de coolin' be'd, ole mis' she cried like one o' de chilluns, an' you know it."

"Cos you was goods an' chatter," said the wife.

"Dat's so," said Carrie, briskly.

"Don't you dar say dat agin! Ole mis' could ha' lost twenty niggers like me an' nuvver missed 'em. Don't you dar say dat agin, you her?"

"Ca'line ain't nothin' but a chile. Ad-dum, she don't know me better."

Adam looked fixedly at her a moment or two, or as it appeared to her, for the next half hour.

"Gimme my dinner," he said.

This was an unlooked for development of humor, and she hastened to gratify it.

"Ca'line, said she presently, "you bet-ter go on to school, honey."

"Ef Kyaroline know what's good for her she better set whar she is."

Caroline apearred to know what was great for her.

With great deliberation and no further notice to Caroline, he proceeded to dispatch the pork and beans set before him, then turned to his wife.

"Marriar, is you gwing to uphol' dat gal in bavior sech as dis?"

"I said she wain't nothin' but a chile, an' warn't no one to nobody, when ole mis' had her to take keer on; but she ain't no chile now."

"She didn't mean no harm; she didn't know no better."

"Hukkum you ain't larnt her any bet-ter?"

"Why ain't you done it yo'se? I retorted his wife.

"Adam's smile was grim, and no sug-gestive of the tuition to be expected of him that his wife hastened to say:

I don't see any harm in what de chile done; she didn't go to hit Miss Darrin'."

"She done it a pu'pose," said he doggedly "I feed it myse!"

"An' t'wain't no harm saying her name was Lefridge. It jes' shows de ambitions in her to take annudder name. Dat what make her de gal she is."

"Is dat correc'?"

He turned and looked curiously at his daughter, decomposing her greatly.

"I never knew befo' how she come to be de gal she wuz. Ise wondered mitey how a gal o' mine should come to be dat kin' o' gal so it's de ambitions! Dat's a fac'." What would a nigger be ef t'wain't fur ambitions? He wouldn't nuvver be no better'n de white folks—which de sword is done leveled 'em down to him—if it warn't tur' ambitions?

Without apparent notice of this by-play, he escorted Mrs. Darring to the street, and returned to the dining-room.

"Ladies an' gemmen," said he, "de cession us dis festus dinner will hev to be off to night. Skusin' sickness is de fam'ly, I specif'ly axes you all to git round 'ag'in bout eight o'clock dis evenin', which is a mo' feslsruer time any-how—an' we hopes to lab de contribuition of fudder cum'ny."

Having promised to return and spend the evening, the guests departed, and the old man took his daughter into the next room.

"Addum," cried his wife. "I most done burnt up. Ken I take it off."

"Pends upon wheder de ambitions is burnt outen you. Does you still want de white lady, my ole mis, to set down and eat with a parcel of niggers? And does you still want Kyaroline to be de gal she is—sassin' ole miss' and knocking about?"

Evidently amenable to instruction, Maria responded comprehensively, "I don't want nothin' I ortenter."

"Take off de plaster," said Addum solemnly—"Ez for you," turning to his daughter, I was hoping dat de lesson uv making you stan' hin ole mis's cheer and wait on her wid your waiter in your hand, 'de rest uv de niggers, would have took de ambitions uv you, too; but—with great deliberation he selected an Osage-orange branch and thoughtfully drew it between his stiff old fingers—"but dar ain't nuffin' so instructive to a nigger ez a good larrupping. A nigger, specially a young nigger, will take larning on his back dat you nuvver could have got in his head. De back way is de nachul way for niggers, sure."

With a laugh at his own witticism which seemed simply demoniac to his audience, he proceeded deliberately to select another switch, which he laid beside his first choice.

"Fact's," pursued this moral philosopher—"fact is, dar ain't nuffin' dat agrees wid nigger, 'specilay a young nigger, like dogwood bitters. Dey gotter be light and let der be dark, I makes no doubt Ile said, Let der be dogwood; and dat showed he knowed what He was about because He foreseen dat niggers was gwine to multiply upon de yuth, especially young niggers."

The day came; the table was spread. Dinner was to be at two; at one Adam and Dave came home.

"Now," said the old man to his wife—"now, you git off dem cloze an' git in dat bed in de yudder room. An', Dave you go up to my old mis' and tell her the cramp is takin' de excedeance wid Marriar, an' ef she'll come down here and see if she ken help de nigger, ole Addum will be eberlassin' thankful."

Dave thrust his tongue in his cheek, and with a wink at his sister disappeared.

Git in dat bed and draw up wid de cramp till I signifies to you to draw out ag'in."

"Lor, Addum! I ain't gwine—"

But for some reason she immediately changed her mind, and when David returned was in bed, looking so very foolish and uncomfortable that that youth could not restrain his mirth, and felt constrained to retreat to the pigsty in the back-yard.

As soon as her slender stock of strength would allow, Mrs. Darring came: "How do you do, Adam?"

"'Po' and piert, Mis' Lizar—po' an' piert, marm, like a shad in shaler wa-ter."

"What seems to be the matter with Maria?" asked his old mistress as she went in.

"Marriar peers to be mo' easier jes' now, thanky, Mis' Lizar; but seems to me some good strong mustard wouldn't do her no harm; she's sho' to draw up ag'in pres'n'y."

"We will make the plaster, then," said Mrs. Darring kindly, "but perhaps she will not need it. I hope not, for I think she is a very severe remedy."

"Marriar do cert'n'y need sewere o' some kin', Mis' Lizar," said he: "it's mos' time to draw up now. Git de mustard, Kyaroline, to make dat plaster, which she is made a one befo' for me an' Marriar too when she was sick."

Obediently the instinct of self preservation, Caroline produced the mustard with a sacri-licious respect by her mother, and Mrs. Darring spread the plaster; but Maria evincing no intention to "draw up," old Adam placed his hand beneath the patchwork quilt with the

tender inquiry, "Is yo' feet col' Marriar!"

"Oh, Lordy! oh Lordy!" yelled his wife.

"You see it's takin' her ag'in, Mis' Lizar," said he. His hand was still beneath the patchwork quilt, and his face was full of benevolent anxiety: "Mis' Lizar, it do peer to me, marm, dat de plaster better go on."

Mrs. Darring assented, for Maria was writhing with pain, (the "first law of Nature" still asserting itself) with Caroline's unqualified approbation the plaster was placed in position.

At this moment Dave's head appeared in the doorway: "Mr. Simpkins an' a variety of frien's has arro've," said he sotto voce to his sister. Comp'ny come," he translated to his father.

"Marriar better be quiet now, Mis' Lizar, which I'm sho' we dunno how to thank you for comin' marm. Keep on dat plaster, Marriar, till I see take it off," added the old man as Mrs. Darring prepared to leave.

"She need not keep it on long, Adam; it will blister her. I think you were unnecessarily alarmed this time; you see she is in no pain now."

"No marm," said he with an air which needed no translation for Maria, "but she will be ef' she take dat plaster often her till I see soz."

On the way out they passed through the "dining-room," where several of Caroline's friends were assembled, prominent among them Mr. Simpkins.

"Dis is we all's ole mis'," said Adam, with a wave of the hand not to be misunderstood. "Marriar better be quiet now, Mis' Lizar, which I'm sho' we dunno how to thank you for comin' marm. Keep on dat plaster, Marriar, till I see take it off," added the old man as Mrs. Darring prepared to leave.

A muted answer is constructed into a favorable response.

"Do you know Miss S——, a teacher in the schools, recently thrown out by a consolidation of classes? She has a first-class certificate, and also a certificate of approval."

"Genuine high-stepper; brown coat?"

"She has a dignified gait, and now you speak of it, think she wore a brown cloak. But I think your language—excuse me—somewhat inappropriate. She was in here this morning, and I think she deserves the first vacancy."

"She'll beat them all and no mistake."

"I think you are wrong. She certainly has a reputation for good discipline, but I hardly think she would resort to corporal punishment except in a case of extreme necessity."

"And, by the way, Blikins, those races at Sacramento next week"—comes more distinctly to the ears of the bewildered gentleman, who begins to suspect that he has been interrupting a conversation between two gentlemen of jockeyish propensities.

A signal reached the office of a well-known physician.

"My dear," comes a musical voice over the wire, which he at once recognizes as his wife's, "meet me at the Oakland boat at twelve o'clock. We must be on the other side at a quarter to one, without fail." The doctor was just starting out for an important round of visits, but this peremptory summons was not to be disregarded. There was little time to spare. Giving some hasty directions to his assistant he spun away to the ferry. The lady he sought did not make her appearance.

"Ladies an' gemmen," said he, "de cession us dis festus dinner will hev to be off to night. Skusin' sickness is de fam'ly, I specif'ly axes you all to git round 'ag'in bout eight o'clock dis evenin', which is a mo' feslsruer time any-how—an' we hopes to lab de contribuition of fudder cum'ny."

Having promised to return and spend the evening, the guests departed, and the old man took his daughter into the next room.

"Addum," cried his wife. "I most done burnt up. Ken I take it off."

"Pends upon wheder de ambitions is burnt outen you. Does you still want de white lady, my ole mis, to set down and eat with a parcel of niggers? And does you still want Kyaroline to be de gal she is—sassin' ole miss' and knocking about?"

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ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break.
How much the soul may suffer and not die! I question much if any pain or ache I'v soul or body brings our end more high. Death choose his own time till that has come All evils may be borne.

We shrank and shuddered at the surgeon's knife, Each nerve receding from the cruel steel Who's edge seems searching for the quivering life;

Yet to our sense the bitter pang reveals That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,

This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to flee from the approaching ill;

We seek some small escape, we weep and pray, But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—

Not that the pain is of its sharpness born,

But yet it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life; We hold it closer, dearer than our own— Ano faints and fails in deadly strife.

Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone; But, oh, we do not die with those we mourn;

This, also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,

Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,

All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst On soul and body, but it cannot die,

Though we be sick and faint and tired and worn;

Lo, all things can be borne.

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

FOOLING IN EARNEST.

Miss Mehitable Parsons, stood before the kitchen window, preparing sausages and potatoes for breakfast. Her cat, Spice, sat on the sill, surveying her mistress' proceedings in serene anticipation; and the small servant, who with Spice, formed the whole of Miss Parsons' limited establishment, was vigorously sweeping the passage, with a broom much too large for her, the handle of which kept up a perpetual knocking accompaniment against the walls.

It was a beautiful day, sunny and balmy, with a fresh, delicious perfume of springing grass and budding leaves; and a few opening blossoms were sprinkled like new fallen snow-flakes on the branches of the old pear tree. Miss Mehitable deived her attention between these, the sausages and potatoes, and the contemplation of three speckled hens, which she intended to "set" to morrow. She had just arrived at a close mental computation of what would be the net proceeds of the hatching, when the small servant rushed in, wonder in her eyes and a letter in her hand.

"O, mum!" says she, holding up the missive, "just see what I found tucked in under the street door."

Miss Parsons' correspondence was not an extensive one. With the exception of a married sister in California, from whom she heard once in six months, or a cousin in a town some thirty miles distant, who wrote to her about twice in three years, she boasted no regular correspondent.

She, therefore, surveying with interest the brim-stone colored envelope, which the small servant held up, and wiping her finger and thumb on her apron took it gingerly by one corner, and examined it with microscopic scrutiny.

"Miss Mehitable Parsons, Present! No stamp nor postmark. Nothing in that I can feel of. Name spelled wrong, too. Who could have sent it? What can it be about, I wonder? Put under the door, too, without knocking. I do wonder what it is about, and who it is from?"

As the most direct means of enlightening her mind on these obscure points, Miss Parsons at length bethought herself of opening the letter. She sat down, carefully opened the envelope, unfolded the enclosure, and read aloud its contents, written in awkward schoolboy hand, and embellished with sundry blots and erasures:

MISS MEHITABLE PARSONS—Madam:—I take the liberty to inform you that as there is no peace or quiet in the neighborhood, nor is likely to be, so long as your cat trespasses on my premises, and se my dog abarkin' all night, and the neighbors throwin' bootjacks at him and th'atentin' to shut him, I hereby inform you that the next time your cat trespasses on my wood shed ruff, or the garting fence, I'll shut your cat and git some peace and quiet.

Yours respectfully,

CAPTAIN TELLER.

Miss Mehitable gave a gasp, and let her hands drop nerveless in her lap.

"The land! Who ever heard of the like? Why the man must be stick stark crazy."

Then her eyes flashed with just indignation.

To think of such assurance—and to me, the darter of Deacon Parsons! In all the forty-five years since I was born in this very house, I've never had such an outrageous thing to happen to me—never!"

Her lips quivered—her eyes filled with tears.

"If there was a man of any sort in the house, he wouldn't dare to write that letter. It all comes of my being a poor low-unperfected woman. And he wants to shoot my Spice!"

Here, suddenly arousing to a sense of Spice's danger, she hastily turned to the window, but the cat had disappeared.

"Sally! Sally! run into the garden, quick, and bring in the cat! That dreadful man may be getting his gun at this very minute. Run!"

"Please, 'm," says Sally, nervously, peeping through the window, as though a tribe of Indians in war-paint were ambuscading behind the sage and gooseberry bushes—"pleas, 'm! I don't see her nowhere!"

"Then go and look for her—quick! skeerely dare to shoot you, you little coward!"

As Sally disappeared, her mistress turned to the fizzling sausages and potatoes, which having been neglected in her excitement, were now giving out and odor of burning.

She had hardly time to turn them when the small servant rushed in, pale, and with wide-open eyes, bearing Spice in her arms, carefully wrapped in her check apron.

"Oh, mum! Cap'n Teller's over in his yard, and he do look ornful!"

Miss Mehitable peeped from her window. There indeed was her next door neighbor, bare-headed, an ax in his hand, slowly rolling up his shirt-sleeves, as he glared at Spice, who had suddenly reamed her favorite seat in the window.

"I'll go right out and speak to him!"

said Miss Mehitable, with a flushed face and rather dangerous sparkling in her eye, "I'll let him know whether or not I'm to be imposed on, if I am a lone woman! I'll make him understand that there is law in the land!"

It was only three weeks since Captain Teller had taken the little cottage next that of Miss Mehitable Parsons. He had formerly lived at quite the opposite end of the town, where his sister Patty had kept house for him.

But Patty, having taken it into her head to marry and leave him, and the neighbors having kept an incessant watch on the captain, to see how he would get along without a housekeeper—and the widows in special having been extremely officious in offers of advice and assistance—Captain Teller, had, in disgust, removed himself, his dog Pickle and his few goods and chattels to the opposite end of the town.

Here he had fondly hoped to live in peace in the intervals of his voyaging; for the captain, be it known, was commander of the gallant barque *Dauntless*, on which he periodically breasted the turbulent waves of the canal with cargoes of grain, timber and other such articles of commerce.

On his return from these expeditions, he had been accustomed to find his house set in order for his arrival, his clothes washed and mended, and his meals nicely cooked and served; but since Patty's marriage, he had been thrown upon his own resources, and had found a woeful change in his home.

His friends had suggested that he should follow his sister's example, and take unto himself a helpmate, but the captain was rather disfident on this point, and averred that he had no time to waste in courtship. If the right woman were to turn up, who would marry him right away, without any circumambulation and fooling, why he might be induced to think of it, for his clothes were woefully in want of repair, and his cooking was none of the best, to say nothing of house cleaning, and other such drudgery, for the execution of which women had been specially created, by a wise and considerate Providence.

As it was the captain slowly shook his iron-gray locks, and bravely announced his own and Pickle's intention to rub along together, and rough it out as best they might—maybe something would turn up in time.

The captain was of a philosophical turn of mind, and inclined to take things easy. Not so Pickle, who made an occasion of demur or aggression of everything that fell in his way.

And thus it had been, indeed, that Capt. Teller had had the misfortune of a misunderstanding with Miss Mehitable Parsons, before he had been three days her neighbor.

It had all come through Pickle and Spice. Spice had throughout her life enjoyed the undisputed privilege of daily siestas on the summit of the fence-post separating the two gardens; which Pickle, observing, had resented and resisted as an unwarrantable intrusion upon his own and his master's domestic privacy.

A deadly feud had thereupon sprung up between these two, resulting in more than one bloody encounter, wherein Pickle had nearly lost an eye and Spice had narrowly escaped with her life.

Miss Mehitable had taken part with her persecuted cat, and Capt. Teller had defended the cause of his aggrieved dog; so that the coolness existing between these two animals had extended to their owners.

No one, however, not even Mehitable, had dreamed of the captain's carrying the matter so far as to threaten to murder her precious cat.

Spice was the best known and most highly respected cat in the town, and, with the exception of that incorrigible youngster, Dick Purnell—Lawyer Purnell's son, to whom most of the mischief in the place might be traced—no one had ever yet dared to shy a brickbat at Miss Parsons' favorite, or to shave her tail and string it with spools of assorted sizes.

As for Pickle, a bow-legged, crooked-eared bull-terrier, his master often declared him to be the perfection of the canine species, with whom he would not part for his weight in gold. Pickle had one weakness, the captain sorrowfully admitted, and that was cats.

On this particular April morning, Captain Teller, having paid an early visit to the boat, returned home to his seven o'clock breakfast. He entered at the front door with a cheerful countenance, followed by Pickle; but when fifteen minutes later, he made his appearance in his back garden for the purpose of cutting wood for his fire, his broad, honest and not uncomely countenance wore a thoughtful and severe aspect, and his eyes rested sternly upon Sally, as she stood at his back door with Spice.

Capt. Teller turned over a log with his foot, and muttered to himself:

"Rum 'un, she is! All women are rum 'uns, seems to me. Glad I have got nothing whatsoever to do without. I'm independent up the hill set, I am!"

He turned to the log again, looking for a favorable spot whereupon to commence operations, glanced at his tattered coat and trowsers airing on the back stoop, and sighed.

"Not but what there might be some good ones among them, if a body only knew where to find them, as the d'mand washer said to the pebbles. A smart, tidy, cheerful, willing housekeeper would be a convenience to her about one's home; but—ahem—she is a rum specimen, there is no denying. What's got her back up so sudden this time, like that pesky cat of hers?"

It was at this moment that Miss Parsons, with virtuous indignation in her eyes, and outraged innocence in her aspect, made her appearance on the back porch.

"Captain Teller!"

"Good morning, marm!" responded the person addressed with much gravity.

"I am surprised at you!" said Miss Parsons by way of commencement, and with marked emphasis.

"Same to you, marm, if I may be permitted to express myself—meaning nothing disrespectful to a woman."

Miss Mehitable's face flushed.

"I don't see, Captain Teller, why you should be surprised at a woman having a word to say for herself, when she is abused and ill-treated."

"Very sorry, marm, if you have been worried. Pickle never meant it for you."

So long as your cat will aggravate him by invading his premises, he can skeerly be blamed by showing the independence of his nature. If she would keep on her own side there would be no difficulty."

"My cat has sat on that fence, for over three years undisturbed, till you and your dog came here to meddle and worry and make a fuss in the neighborhood."

"What harm does the cat do? It is all owing to that nasty, ugly, mean natured dog of yours. And you dare to think of shooting my Spice for sake of an ugly brute like that?

Captain Teller stood erect, and with one hand resting on the handle of the axe and the other extended in a noble oratorical attitude, replied, with kindling eye and flushed face:

"Marm, fur it from me to stoop to

worrit and badger a helpless woman. But when it comes to a situation such as the present, when you call my dog—a dog like that marm,—pointing to Pickle who, with head and tail erect, was sniffing in the direction of Spice, "dozing in the window—when you call him nasty, and mean-natured, and threaten to pizen him, all on account of a pesky critter such as that cat of yours—

"I didn't say a word about pizen. It was you threatened to shoot my Spice," said Miss Mehitable, indignantly.

"Marm! The word shoot hasn't passed these lips of mine, that I am aware of. But the word pizen! I've got writ down in black and white, as you well know."

"Cap'n Teller, I don't know what you are talking about, and I'm doubtful whether you know it yourself. What have I got to do with pizen? And did you not send me a note this very day threatening to shoot my cat?"

"Seems to me, Miss Hitable, you have got your ideas oddly mixed up this mornin'," responded the captain grimly. "If I'm to believe my own senses, it was you sent me a note, as I found under my street door this morning, informing me of your kind intention to pizen my dog."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Miss Mehitable. "Why, I never dreamed of such an outrageous thing! You're making up that story against me, Cap'n Teller, for no earthly purpose except for to excuse that note of yours about shooting my cat, and you know it!"

Captain Teller manifested no indignant resentment at this accusation. On the contrary, a sudden light and intelligence came into his eyes. He uttered not a word, but plunging his hand into the depths of his pocket, pulled forth a brimstone colored envelope, and opening the enclosure, presented it to the astonished gaze of his neighbor.

"Good gracious! said Miss Mehitable, hastily snatching a similar envelope from her own pocket.

The Captain advanced to the paling which separated the two gardens, and Miss Mehitable came down to her steps, and the twin missives were mutually examined, to the lady's bewilderment.

"You see, marm, said the captain, gently, to-day is the first of April. The hull thing is a trick—an April fool!"

"The land sakes!"

"I am ashamed to think that I have allowed myself to be made a fool of!" said the captain, gravely. "And I beg pardon for anything hasty and ungentlemanlike that I might have been led into saying to a woman. But you see, marm, a man's dog is his friend—his best friend, marm."

"And I am sure Spice is my friend," said Miss Mehitable.

"Certainly, certainly," acquiesced the captain, cheerfully.

"And of course my feelings were hurt when I thought you wanted to shoot her."

"Fur be it from me marm, to hurt the feelings of any woman."

"It is an outrageous mean trick!" said Miss Mehitable. "Nobody would have dared to take such liberty with a woman who had a father and a brother to protect her. It is only a lone woman they will take advantage of."

"And a lone man, marm, I can sympathize with you on that point," said he, sighing audibly.

Miss Mehitable looked down, and adjusted a straggling raspberry spray. The captain rubbed his head and broke the silence by some vague remark upon the neatness of her garden.

"Why, the hens do scratch up considerable," Miss Parsons complained, pointing to some dusty holes under the opposite garden fence.

"Mebbe I could find a remedy for that," the captain suggested. "Patty always kept towels, and depended on me to keep them in bounds. If you are agreeable, Miss Mehitable, I will step over anytime—say this afternoon—and fix your fence at the bottom, so as they can't reach under."

"I'm sure I'm obigeed, if you don't mind the trouble, Cap'n Teller."

The two parted amicably. Miss Mehitable gave Sally positive orders to keep an eye on Spice, and by no means to allow her to go on the fence; and Captain Teller sternly commanded Pickle on no account whatever to enter the back yard during the remainder of the day.

Both he and Miss Mehitable on looking from their front windows, observed Master Dick Purnell, with one or two congenial spirits, collected at the door of his father's office, and surveying them with unusual interest and ill-suppressed grins.

The captain regarded them with serene benevolence. He seemed unusually cheerful that day, and punctually at four o'clock repaired to the next door premises, where he put the fence in beautiful order, and neatly nailed back the trailing raspberry vines.

That evening, as he was preparing his supper of muddy coffee and half raw, half burnt chops, there was a timid knock at the door, and enter Sally, bearing a tray of steaming chocolate, delicate waffles and other dainties, the sight and fragrance of which caused the captain's mouth to water and the tears to start in his eyes.

He emptied the china dishes into his own crockery, made Sally a sumptuous present of a stuffed parrot and a shell work-box, and sent her home, wondering and exultant, with a message to her mistress that, if agreeable, he would call next evening, and thank her in person.

What transpired on the occasion of that visit we can only conjecture, from the fact that in exactly three weeks from the first of April there was a private weddin

g at a little chapel around the corner,

followed by a family supper at Miss Parsons' pleasant cottage.

Patty was there, all smiles and happiness, as at her brother's good fortune, and it was observed that, with the exception of one brief moment of forgetfulness on the part of Pickle, he and Spice conducted themselves in an irreproachable correct manner. Also, it was marked by the wondering Sally that the captain secretly possessed himself of a huge chunk of wedding cake, which he surreptitiously bestowed upon Dick Purnell, who, mounted upon the front pailings, was straining his neck for indistinct glimpses of the bridal company within.

Judge S. J. Field as a Duelist.

During Mr. Field's legislative days in the California Legislature the members were little less than walking arsenals. Two-thirds of them carried bowie knives or pistols. Some flourished both weapons.

When Rachel left Paris she was fully

LOCAL LEAVES.**Torn From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.**

Hot! hotter! hottest!!!

Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street. Have you tried Charley Williams' con- versation water?

Dr. Porter has a very neat store adjoining Justus Bragg's, for rent.

In quality, purity and flavor Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is unsurpassed. It has no equal.

Five Chinamen have been added to the colony on Third street, making a good sized laundry.

The postoffice at Fort Peck, Montana, has been discontinued, the postmaster having failed to qualify.

Apple creek grove has obtained a celebrity for itself, and will hereafter be the popular resort for picnickers.

Clun Emmons has refitted, renovated and replenished his daisy cigar store. It is one of the neatest in the line.

Another large train belonging to the transportation company arrived Wednesday evening from the Black Hills.

It is said that Prof. Denton is a strong spiritualist and that he has written up the Bad Lands for the Duluth Tribune.

The Filippian steamer Lilly and her crew made Yankton in six days, the champion voyage for the smallest craft on the river.

Bismarck is the banner town of the territory for 4th of July celebrations. The fete lasted three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

Sheriff Alex McKenzie left for Fargo Tuesday morning with some prisoners to be tried at the term of court now being held in that city.

Billy Pennell has a boy four years old that never broke but one cup and saucer in his life. Billy's crockery bill has been unusually light.

The sun-burned countenances and sleepless appearance of the majority of the population, last Monday, was pretty good evidence of a glorious 3d, 4th and 5th.

The land office hours will hereafter be from 9 a.m. to 12 m. and from 2 to 5 p.m. Those having business with the office must call between the above hours.

The shower of Wednesday came just in the nick of time, being much needed, and will do immense good to the crops, which already promise to bring in returns one hundred fold.

The team of Oscar Ward took a spin around the block Tuesday, having aboard a load of furniture which was spilled near the corner of Fourth and Meigs streets, demolishing the wagon and spoiling considerable furniture.

Miss Edith Valentine, while riding Monday afternoon, was thrown from her spirited animal at the corner of Second and Main streets, but fortunately sustained no injuries, much to the astonishment of the large crowd that gathered around.

Philadelphia parties have purchased the Elliott estate at the 13th Siding together with six sections of adjoining land. Dad will open a large farm at that point. The railroad company have determined to put in a station there, also one at 17th Siding.

Capt. Peter Manton was on the street Saturday. His recent illness has told heavily upon him but with good care of

himself he ought to be good for many years yet. The captain will leave for Minnesota soon and return with his family. His rents will be sufficient for a good living.

Mr. J. C. Barr, of the Benton line, while on his way down overland from Stevenson, purchased a Rocky Mountain, Mouse River bred pony, four years old and never seen a bridle or felt a spur. Mr. Barr being an excellent judge of horse-flesh sees in his new purchase a horse which will in a few months for speed and durability eclipse anything in the city.

Fifty voters in Burleigh county who are living on unsurveyed lands at Painted Woods district, and who have made improvements, have petitioned the general land office at Washington for a survey of their lands.

The Indian maidens around town clew gum as well as their white sisters. The gum trade is unusually brisk. It is not known whether they ever lay it aside and take it up again after "recess."

J. Rogers & Co., the new liquor firm, are opening up a large stock and an examination is requested to prove the merit of the liquors.

Impure Breath.

Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most mortifying and unpleasant to its possessor, and it is the most inexcusable offense in society, yet the cause of it may easily be removed by the use of SOZODONT. It purifies and sweetens the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth, and gives a pearl-like appearance to the teeth. Gentlemen who indulge in smoking should cleanse their teeth with SOZODONT, as it removes all unpleasant odors of the weed. Ask your druggist for it.

Constantly on Hand**BEEF.****VEAL.****MUTTON.****LAMB.****PORK.****Fresh FISH and Spring CHICKEN.**

At Kupitz & Guerin's.

Flowers and Millinery.

New Patterns just received at Eisenberg's

The Eureka Mower.

For sale by W. H. THURSTON & CO.

The Finest Wines.

And Liquors and choice Cigars, Imported and Domestic, at George Ward's, O. P. C. Restaurant, Fourth street.

Fifty Thousand of Various Brands of Cigars being closed out at manufacturer's prices at HOLLEMBARK'S.**Misses' and Children's Shoes.**

At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S

Ice Cream by the Quantity

For family use STIMPSON'S

Window Glass, all sizes, at HOLLEMBARK'S.**Fine Leghorn Ladies' Hats**

Just received at WATSON'S

Strawberry Plants

for sale cheap, at BRAGG'S

Bane Balls

and Bats at HOLLEMBARK'S

Parasols and Fans

Very cheap, at EISENBERG'S

All the Popular Brands of Cigarettes

at HOLLEMBARK'S

Found.

A cream colored pony, two miles west of Troy, Iowa. The owner can have it inside of thirty

Wednesday, and no one hurt but the carriage.

Hay Rakes and Mowers

At W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable**Beauty.**

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which ATHERTON'S SARAPILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurities of the blood. By its invigorating effects it relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to day the most available medicine for the suffering sick, anywhere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.**Garfield's Record.**

[Albany Evening Journal.]

At 14 he was at work at a carpenter's bench.

At sixteen he was a boatman on the Ohio canal.

At 18 he was studying in the Chester (O.) Seminary.

At 21 he was teaching one of Ohio's common schools, pushing forward with his own studies at the same time.

At 23 he entered William College.

At 26 he graduated from Williams with the highest honors of his class.

At 27 he was a tutor at Hiram College,

Ohio.

At 28 he was principal of Hiram College.

At 29 he was a member of the Ohio senate—the youngest member of that body.

At 30 he was colonel of Forty-second Ohio regiment.

At 31 he was placed in command of a brigade, routed the rebels under Humphrey Marshall, helped Gen. Buck in his fight at Pittsburgh Landing, played a prominent part in the siege of Corinth and in the important movements along the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

At 32 he was appointed chief of staff of the army of the Cumberland, participated in the campaigns in middle Tennessee and in the notable battle of Chickamauga, and was promoted to the rank of major-general.

At 33 he was in congress, the successor of Joshua R. Giddings.

At 48, having been continuously in Congress since he was 33, he was elected to the United States senate.

At 49 he was nominated for the presidency of the United States.

Such are the salient points in the history of the man whom the republicans have selected as their standard bearer in the present campaign. The simple unlearned statement of his record constitutes his strongest pedigree—goes the fables in commanding him to the confidence of his countrymen. There is no anti-climax in his career. It proceeds from the humblest and most unpromising beginning step by step, onward and upward by arduous but honorable paths. He is essentially a product of our institutions, a man sprung from the people, the incarnation of American pluck, perseverance, self-reliance and intelligence. He is in the best sense of the word a self-made man.

Lemons, Oranges, New Varieties.

Just received at W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Blueberries, Blackberries, and Raspberries this week at STIMPSON'S.

STIMPSON'S

Rubber Boots.

All sizes for men, at MARSHALL'S.

Elegant Line

Of the Millinery, at WATSON'S.

Screen Doors.

Go to Bostwick & Arnold's for screen doors.

First-class Table Board.

\$5.00 per dozen, at R. H. MARSH'S, corner 5th and Meigs.

Eureka Mower, no side draft, 6 foot set, at Thurston & Co. s.

WATSON'S

STEAMBOAT COLUMN**FORT BENTON TRANSPORTATION CO.****BENTON P LINE.**

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Peck Line AND THE Yellowstone Line

Comprising the following ten first class Steamers:

Benton, Helena, Butte, Gen. Terry, F. Y. Batchelor

Carrying all Military Stores on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers and U. S. MAILS

on Upper Missouri River.

One of the **Peck Line** steamers leaves Sioux City tri weekly for **Fort Pierre**, landing for Rock Hill, connecting with Rock Hill and Dakota City overland freight trains and dry goods.One of the **Benton Line** steamers leaves Sioux City every Saturday, touching at Bismarck every Saturday for **Elkton** head waters of Missouri connecting with T.C. Power's, D. T. overland freight trains and Benton and Beloit daily stage line for "Helena" Belle Rose, Helena, Minn. and all interior points in Montana. The **Yellowstone Line** will have a boat leaves Bismarck every Thursday during season of navigation for all points on Yellowstone River.**Steamer BENTON**

FOR —

FT. BENTON,

Leaves TUESDAY, 13th Inst.

Steamer BACHELOR,

FOR —

All Points on Yellowstone,

SATURDAY, JULY 10th.

Steamer GEN. TERRY,

FOR —

FORT KEOGH,

Leaves TUESDAY, 13th Inst.

For freight or passage apply to

J. C. BARR, Gen. Agt., Sheridan House,**BISMARCK, DAKOTA.****JEWELERS****E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.**

Dealers in Fine Watches, Clocks,

Jewelry, Silverware, Eye-Glasses

Special attention given to all

work in our line.

Agents for the justly celebrated

ROCKFORD WATCHES.**HARNESS-MAKER****D. MACNIDER & CO.****Harness Makers and Saddlers,**

Tribune Block, 41 Main St.

Keep a Complete Assortment of

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, ETC.

Repairing a Specialty.

ATTORNEY**Thos. Van Etten,****ATTORNEY AT LAW,**

BISMARCK, D. T.

WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC**WANTED—Lovers of fine wines and liquors.**

A good clear or a "hang-up" meal, to call

at Bush & McBratney's Palace Restaurant

Mandan, D. T.

WANTED—Situation as overseer of farm or

livery stable. Good driver and hostler;

understands gardening in all its branches, including hot house gardening. Address

FRANK SMITH, Tribune office.**FOR SALE.****FOR RENT—Two good dwelling houses.**

Apply to MCLEAN & MACNIIDER.

FOR SALE—The saloon building on Fourth

street, formerly occupied by Chris Gilson.

Building will also be rented. Apply to

MCLEAN & MACNIIDER.**FOR SALE—E. H. Bly in addition to his**

tract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal

prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.

36th

FOR SALE—Hay and oats, Hay in stack or